Miss M. F. Dodd

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor. BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1873. Vol. I. No. 10.

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Sunday School and Bible Classes a P. M. Sundays. Also preaching at 7½ P. M.

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BLOOMFIELD LODGE, NO. 40., A. F. & A. M.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave, 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month. Jno. F. Folsom, W. M.; J. A. Pressler, S. W.; J. Banks Reford, J. W.; Chas. B. Peck, Sec'y.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, NO. 51, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Wednesday evening over Hargraves & Hayes's Hardware store.

BLOOMFIELD DIVISION, NO. 47, S. OF T.
Meets on Wednesday evenings in Unangst Hall.

ENTERPRISE COUNCIL, NO. 38, O. U. A. M.
Meets Friday evenings in Unangst Hall.

I. O. OF G. T. NO. 148,
Meets Monday evenings in Unangst Hall.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6 1-3 o'clock A. M., to 9 P. M.

Money sent by Money Order without danger of loss to all parts of the United States, at the following rates:

On Orders not exceeding	$10	5 cents.
Over $10, and not exceeding	20	10 "
" 20, and not exceeding	30	15 "
" 30, and not exceeding	40	20 "
" 40, and not exceeding	50	25 "

Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close and arrive as follows: —

Time of Closing.	Time of Arrival.
7 A. M., and 3 P. M.	8.45 A. M., and 5.45 P. M.

The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both morning and afternoon.

Foreign mails close at 3 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer.

Stamped envelopes and news-wrappers are sold to the public.

☞ The Post Office Department having provided perfect safety for the transmission of small sums of money, by Money Order or Registered Letters, it is hoped that persons having occasion to use the mails for remitting money, will avail themselves of the security thus afforded.

HORACE DODD, P. M.

N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.

Leave Bloomfield, Belleville Av.:		Leave Newark, M'kt & Broad Sts.:	
6 30 A. M.	2 30 P. M.	7 54 A. M.	3 54 P. M
7 00	3 00	8 24	4 24
7 30	3 30	8 54	4 54
8 00	4 00	9 24	5 24
8 30	4 30	9 54	5 54
9 00	5 00	10 24	6 24
9 30	5 30	10 54	6 54
10 00	6 00	11 24	7 24
10 30	6 30	11 54	7 54
11 00	7 00	12 24 P. M.	8 54
11 30	7 30	12 54	9 54
12 00	8 00	1 24	
12 30 P. M.	8 30	1 54	
1 00	9 00	2 24	
1 30	10 00	2 54	
2 00	11 00	3 24	

☞ The last car from Depot at Mt. Prospect Ave. to Newark leaves at 10 30 P. M.

MONTCLAIR RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Trains for New York leave				Trains leave			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Watchung,	7.00	8.06	3.01	New York,	9.10	4.30	5.30
Montclair,	7.08	8.10	3.08	Jersey City,	9.25	4.45	5.40
Chest. Hill,	†7.07		3.09	West End,	9.40	4.58	5.53
Bloomfield,	7.10	8.15	3.12	Kearney,	10.00	†5.15	†6.08
Montgom.	†.13	†8.18	3.16	Newark,	10.04	5.18	6..13
Newark,	7.17	8.22	3.21	Montgom.,	10.09	†5.21	†6.18
Kearney,	†7.20	†8.25	3.25	Bloomfield,	10.13	5.24	6.22
West End,	7.35	8.45	3.45	Chest. Hill,	10.16	†5.26	†6.25
Jersey City,	7.48	9.00	4.00	Montclair,	10.20	5.30	6.30
New York,	8.00	9.10	4.10	Watchung,	10.24	5.33	

Business Cards.

JAMES HUGHES,
SURVEYOR:
OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

OWEN & HURLBUT,
SURVEYORS,
Jacobus Building, Opposite Pres. Church,
MONTCLAIR, N, J.

DR. GEORGE INNESS,
DENTIST,
(From No. 95 Fifth avenue, New York city.)
JACOBUS' BUILDING, MONTCLAIR, N. J.
☞ Work executed at lowest rates. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, &c.
BROAD STREET, ADJOINING ARCHDEHCON'S HO.
TEL, BLOOMFIELD.

R. D. BROWER,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY.
WATSESSING DEPOT,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

SMITH E. PERRY
Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer,
BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

SAMUEL CARL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Keeps, constantly on hand
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MAD
CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD N J

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PROPRIETOR OF
Montclair, Bloomfield and Newark Express.
Also, Furniture and Pianos moved with care.
OFFICES { W. S. Morris & Son's Montclair. / R. N. Dodd's, Bloomfield, / 208 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
BLOOMFIELD AVE.,
BLOOMFIELD, N, J.

JOHN JÆGER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Jan. 23—1y

JOSEPH H. EVELAND,
PRACTICAL PAINTER.
SIGN-WRITING,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c
Corner Linden avenue and Thomas street,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
☞ All orders promptly executed.

GEORGE PRIDHAM,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER,
PAPER HANGER,
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE KALSOMINING,
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All orders promptly attended to.

RICHARD LEWTY
Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, executes Repairs with neatness and dispatch. Established 18 years in Bloomfield. Residence, Washington Street, next to R. R. crossing.
Jan. 23

JAMES ALBINSON,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
MYRTLE STREET,
Near Watsessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD. N. J.
Jan. 23

THOMAS TAYLOR,
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office at his residence on Bloomfield avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

MISS JOANNA B. HARVEY,
(SOPRANO)
PUPIL OF SIGNOR A. BARILI,
Teacher of
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA & WESTERN EXPRESS.
New York Offices: No 7 Park Place, near Broadway; No. 72 Warren street; No. 22 College Place, cor. Chambers Street; and at the Railroad depots, Montclair and Bloomfield.

Selected Poetry.

SUNSHINE LOVE.

"Darling, do you love me truly!"
Were the words a lady said,
While the breezes were unruly,
Tossing blossoms round her head—
Apple-blossoms, in the spring time,
Fresh and fair, and sweet with dew,
As the rustic beauty's love time
Seemed to her as something new.

A face with handsome, manly features
Looked upon her, as she stood,
Leaning on the gate, a-swinging,
Looking over toward the wood;
Then, with fervent words, reply came,
Whispered slowly, one by one,
Calling her by pretty pet name,
"As the flowers love the sun!"

Rustic beauty heard the love vows,
And her cheek was flushed and red,
As the lover stooped to kiss her,
But she proudly tossed her head—
And she idly threw the blossoms
'Cross her shoulder, as she smiled;
And her lover was not angry—
By her pretty face beguiled.

"Love me darling, as the flowers
Love the sun, I think you say,
Love me better," said the lady,
"For the flowers fade away—
Lose their glory when the sun fails,
And your love should truer be—
You must love me more than sunshine,
Ere your darling I can be!

"I would have you always love me,
Not as flowers love the sun;
Love me as my King, above me,
When God's law has made us one.
Too much sunshine will not last long;
Love should far more temperate be—
Faithful through all care or sorrow—
That's the kind of love for me."

Our Home Journal.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The man who carries everything before him—the waiter.

An Iowa girl lately carried a 470 pound hog down into a cellar.

A Cincinnati seamstress makes a grey squirrel run her sewing machine.

Dubuque boasts of a German who never drank a glass of lager in his life. He must be very young.

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one lady of another, "It's scent to me," replied the other.

A meat company has been organized in Texas to can all the beef they raise, and raise all the beef they can.

The St. Augustine (Fla.) *Star* says that "Long Branch aint a coinsedence" to the beach of that ancient town.

An Indiana man tried to drown himself because he couldn't get a "job." His friends put one up and prevented him.

A darkey's instructions for putting on a coat were: "Fust de right arm, den de left, and den give one general conwulshun."

"Paddy, where's the whiskey I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thaught if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

A young lady having read about a man having invented a stove which consumes its own smoke, hopes he will devise a method whereby tobacco smokers can be run on the same economical principle.

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would keep denying that they were old enough to vote until they get too old to take any interest in politics.

In Missouri when a man kills another on Sunday they prosecute him under the law against desecrating the Sabbath by shooting at a mark, and have him fined $5 and costs. It's the only sort of case that can be made out against murderers as a general rule.

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and presistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung hole' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

A worthy old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about the furniture."

A False Friend.

"You may say what you darn please," said Bill Muggins, speaking of a deceased comrade, "Jake was a good boy, he was, and a great hunter," continued Bill; "but he was the meanest man that ever breathed in the State; and he played one of the sharpest tricks you ever heard of, and I'll tell you how it was. I was ont shootin' with him one morning. I tell you the duck was plenty; and other game we despised so long as we could see duck. Jake he was too mean to blaze away unless he could shoot two or three at a shot. Jake was blowin' me up for wastin' shot and powder so; but I didn't care—I blazed away. Well somehow or other, while fussin' around the boat, my powder-flask fell overboard in about sixteen feet of water, which was as clear as gin, and I could see the flask lay at the bottom. Jake being a good swimmer, also a diver, he said he'd fetch her up and in a minit he was in. Well, I waited quite a considerable time for him to come up; then I looked over the side for Jake. Good Jerusalem! there sot Jake on a pile of oyster-shells pourin' the powder out of my flask into his'n. Wasn't that mean?"

FROM THE EVENING MAIL OF MARCH 21.

The Event of the Day.

The sun rose brightly this morning on the saddest scene which could be presented to human vision—that of a young man in full and vigorous health, with most of the years to which he would seem entitled still before him, dangling in the air, the dying victim of the law, whose mandates he had disobeyed. This morning William Foster was as strong and robust, as conscious of all the sentiments and passions and human instincts which belong to us in the flesh as the best of us. Already the lightning has carried to the lengths of the land the news that through the instrumentalities provided by the law his soul has been violently let loose from the body which was condemned by his sin and is now in the spiritual world.

This simple, but lawful transaction is the event of the day for millions of people. It rises in the importance actually given to it above the occurrences which concern States and Nations, above the casualties by land and sea, above debates in Senate and Parliament—above all the ordinary subjects of talk between men. For one day William Foster is the most prominent figure before the mental vision of a whole people.

This has been due to a variety of reasons, but especially to the fact that the crime of this man has been more discussed, and with more varied ability than that of any man who has been led to the scaffold since Professor Webster expiated the murder of Dr. Barkman. The efforts to save him from the extreme penalty of the law have been unprecedented in the history of our criminal law. The great lawyer to whose charge Foster's friends wisely entrusted his fate never before threw into a case a greater amount of that intense, glowing and heroic zeal which would have enkindled in the ordinary advocate almost the inspiration of genius. To his help came cheerfully and voluntarily some of the foremost leaders of our Bar, O'Conor and Evarts and Pierrepont and others. The surviving jurors increased the urgency of their pleas as the emergency seemed more desperate. The venerable and noble-hearted Dr. Tyng was instant, in season and out of season, to save the life of the man whose childhood was passed under his ministry. A host of our most eminent citizens joined heartily in every effort to arrest what they solemnly believed would be a judicial [illegible]. Even the wife of Foster's victim lent her merciful and tender plaint to the chorus of strong voices that besieged the ear of the Governor.

This struggle for the life of a homicide has occupied the public mind more than any other single matter for these weeks past. It has been talked over in the cars and in business offices, in public places and in hundreds of thousands of households. It has furnished material for the newspapers, for sermons, for public lectures, and for the most serious private reflection. And the discussions it has suggested are by no means yet ended.

There are some who will consider all this as an evidence of the prevalence of a morbid sentiment and deplore it accordingly. We do not. In the first place, to do so is not only to condemn depraved human nature, but that of those whose lives are truest and best ordered. The fate of Foster may excite a sort of dull horror among the baser classes, but it is among the men and women who are purest and best that the most sensibility will be occasioned by it. For they especially have been made perhaps unconsciously, to consider the supreme value of human life, its awful sacredness, the terrible nature of the penalty which is relied upon to protect life, and the infinite significance of the transactions which this morning was added to the black history of an appropriately gloomy structure.

The sacredness of human life! To Foster's relatives, whose noble and touching and unwearied devotion ought to wipe out whatever disgrace the scaffold might otherwise bring upon them, the life of their loved one seemed peculiarly sacred—not to be taken away unless the strictest letter of the law demanded, nor if the extremist reasonable plea could avail to save. They believed that he did not mean to kill. So did his counsel, and so did a host of other able and good men. Perhaps some of them never began to realize so overpoweringly the infinite value of life.

To those who believed that he was guilty of premeditated murder the same great truth appeared from a different point of view. They thought that no mere legal technicalities should prevent the execution of Foster, because they believed it to be essential to the preservation of the lives of innocent people against such violence as his. Looking in the direction alone they refused to listen to any pleas for the mitigation of his sentence. It was no desire for vengeance, but a feeling of concern for human life—so frequently endangered in this city—that actuated them.

The result of all this is that the public mind is stirred up to its depths upon some of the most important subjects that can concern a civilized community which has to protect itself against murderous violence. We are not sorry for such an outcome of a single homicide. It makes us realize that there are questions of higher and deeper import than those which are on the surface. It brings home to old and young a lesson as to the dangers of intemperance, which comes to us as though from the eternal world. It reveals how singularly the destinies of the good and the bad, the orderly and the disorderly, are intermingled and independent, and that one transgression can bring untold evil to the pure and innocent.

It is not without some great purpose that Divine Providence has ordered it that the foremost theme of thought and talk in this seething, striving and over-busy metropolis to-day should be the execution of William Foster.

Rattlesnakes and their Habits.

Ordinarily, the rattlesnake is extremely sluggish, and unless molested there is little to fear from it during the greater portion of the year. Just before and after its winter sleep, however, it is more active, and often assumes the offensive. In order to strike, it must lie in a close coil, with its head and and neck erect. In this position it throws itself forward about three-fourths its length, supporting its weight entireiy upon the remaining fourth. When molested or alarmed, or when about to attack, the rattle is violently shaken; but practically this serves little as a warning, since when excited the creature strikes at the intruder with the quickness of lightning, and almost simultaneously with the sound of the rattle. The statement that the noise of the rattle is peculiar and once heard will never afterward be mistaken, is emphatically denied, the writer averring that he has known the opinions of those who had frequently heard the sound "divided as to whether a certain ominous clicking arose from the grasshoppers, which were there in great numbers, or a rattlesnake." Contrary to the common belief, the reptile also often leaves its hole and seldom crawling into tents, and even into dens, during the night. The notion that venomous snakes do not bite twice in immediate succession is also pronounced erroneous, the writer mentioning a case where he saw the rattlesnake strike three times with electric quickness, each time leaving the marks of its fangs on the trousers of the person attacked.

But with all its quickness and irritability, the snake frequently refuses to bite, even when [illegible]. It is related that often when trod on it fails to retaliate; and one remarkable instance is given where a gentleman on coming out of the river Platte after a bath, and entirely naked, sat down upon a rattlesnake, and discovering his mistake suddenly resumed his legs, without suffering any harm beyond a severe fright. The peculiar odor of the rattlesnake is vouched for, and we are told that when one is irritated and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intended to kill him, the implement will retain the same unpleasant smell for months. Once known, the odor is always recognizable.

The bite of the rattlesnake, according to the observer's experience, is neither so rapidly fatal nor so incurable as most people suppose. Of thirty persons bitten by the rattlesnake, he states that all recovered but one, and he lived twelve days after the accident. Of the whole thirty, this was the only case which received surgical advice; but whether it was the bite or the advice that killed the patient we are not informed.

Whiskey the writer regards as a specific for the bite of the rattlesnake, and relates numerous instances which illustrate the wonderful power of this agent when administered in sufficient quantity. It is well known to physicians that persons suffering from diseases attended with severe pain will often tolerate much larger doses of opium or other nacotic than could otherwise be borne. Persons poisoned by the bite of a rattlesnake manifest a similar tolerance for immense doses of whiskey, quantities sufficient to make a well person stupidly drunk, or even to destroy life, often producing no visible effect upon the sufferer from snake-bite. Yet to be of any service to the patient, it is asserted that he must be made throughly drunk before it is safe to suspend the administration of the remedy. A quart of raw whiskey is frequently required to bring about this condition; but when once it is attained, no further danger need be apprehended.

While the rattlesnake is found spread over a large portion of North America, it is much more abundant in some localities than in others. Texas probably holds an infinitely larger proportion of these reptiles than any other state in the Union. The district lying between the Rio Grande and the Nueces, two streams which flow in the same direction, and some sixty or seventy miles apart, is a desert region, literally swarming with poisonous serpents. "In summer," says our writer, "one cannot go fifty yards in this locality without seeing a rattlesnake. In other parts of the state the moccasin is the prevalent snake; while centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, and alligators, infest various localities, and are each a terrible scourge."

All writers have hitherto concurred in saying that rattlesnakes are never met with at an elevation of more than 6,000 feet above the sea level. The surveying party of Mr. Morley killed numbers of them last year at an elevation of about 8,000 feet; it is added however, that they were never found so high before. The mountain snakes possess more vivid colors than their brethren of the prairies, and of the two are more dreaded on account of their supposed ferocity.—*April Galaxy.*

Female Journalists.

"The Female Lights of Journalism" is a volume recently published in New York, for private circulation. It is a gushing tribute to a good many of the women of the newspaper press, and, says an exchange which appears to know, not altogether truthful. Its untruths relate mostly, however, to the ages of certain ladies, and are therefore pardonable, not to say necessary. The reader is directed, furthermore, under the word "Erratum," at the close of the volume, to "Add 33½ per cent. to the ages mentioned in the foregoing." Grace Greenwood is mentioned as thirty years old, "a lovely woman of thirty, her eyes piercing and brilliant, her hair flowing like her style, and her subcribed hand-writing hurried and wayward—as if in haste to get off her Washington letter to the *Times* in season for the mail. Such a face would look good in marble. Its features are regular, its expression almost classic. Grace was the one American female writer who, of all others, was most admired by Charles Dickens. It used to be said that Phœbe Cary was the wittiest creature of her sex, but the title always belonged to Grace Greenwood. She is a perfect stunner at puns. Her wits are her chief diamonds, and she wears them everywhere except to church and funerals." Kate Field is only twenty-two years old and "looks arch and mischievous." She is "versatile, accomplished, growing handsomer every day, proud of a touch of mercury in her Irish blood, born of an actor and actress, ought to be herself on the stage, and would make a 'schoolmarm' that no prudent and skin valuing urchin would ever think of playing truant from. Other distinguished ladies are thus noticed:

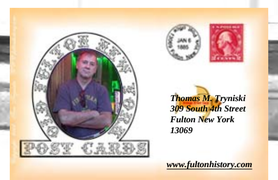
Nellie Hutchinson—dainty little Nell—a pefect violet of unobtrusive modesty—is one of the most delicate and charming of the newspaper reporters and correspondents. Her little head is full of wise thoughts, fresh fancies and quaint conceits; and her style is graceful, bouyant and bewitching. She is seventeen years of age, weighs ninety pounds, and wears number one slippers. Her autograph is as large as George Washington's. She lives at "Morrisania," and stretches the name of that small town all across a sheet of French note paper.

Mrs. Runkle of Berkley Heights, N. J., is the John Russell Young of female journalism—imaginative, fervid, pictorial, brilliant and lazy. Her eyes [illegible] like the typical orbs of Kate Killarney who dwelt on the banks of Killarney. It is not she who shuns danger and flies. Did she not cut John Graham into ribbons with her scissors-like answers in the Richardson trial? Her picturesque pen is still held in grateful remembrance by the seals of San Francisco bay for portraying their sun-basking frolics in so lively a style. Her age is twenty-four, and never increases.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, now a mature mind of thirty-five, divides her time between novels and editorials, and instructs the world both through fiction and fact. She is excellent at solemn reflections, and makes a judicious use of Scripture names, of which her own is one. Her pen goes down very deep into the ink, and comes up all dripping and dreadful. She lives in Newark, N.J., one of the principal suburbs of the New York daily press. First-class woman and second-class beauty.

Virginia F. Townsend, who since her graduation a few years ago from boarding school, has been a constant editor and writer, is a monument of industy, and an example to the young. She throws off books, articles, sketches, essays and reports—all so fast that they go flying through the air like a crowd of arrows from a Persian army; and some of them have fallen aforetime into the *Golden Age*—our readers, we are sure, always finding them keen of point and unpoisoned in barb. She has a modest and worthy look, the air of a professor of English literature in a female institute. The autograph condenses itself into the exceeding fineness of Charlotte Bronet's. Her picture doesn't do her justice but her personal friends supplement its deficiencies with praise of the woman herself.

Shirley Dare—a name which we suspect is a *nom de plume*—belies her looks in this "counterfeit presentment." Photographs play sorry tricks with light complexions—particularly of the Titian type. You would suppose that this clear-cut, white-and-black picture—this photograph resembling an engraving—as of a ravenhaired madonna such as Murillo would have chosen in order to show thereby the contrasting lights and darks of the Castilian temperament. But Shirley herself is a false-haired Saxon, and might have sat to Sir Walter for Lady Rowena. Such a face—regular as a statue—eagle-beaked and indomitable—ambitious, conscientious, proud—intellectual beyond the common gift of her sex—means to make a mark in journalism, and will do it or die.

A Kentucky paper in reporting a wedding says that the bride was not particularly handsome, but her father threw in seven mules, and the husband was satisfied.

Out in Nevada, where lynch law is supreme and its execution a frequent indulgence, they call it "performances by the string band."